



A Story For Every Category II : Romance

romance

drama

love

64 0 2

Chapter 1 by intellikat

The man lit two white candles and placed them on a chair beside the bed. This was to see by as he wrote, for most of his furnishings and fixtures had by now been sold though he was still a month from departure, and this included any gentler light to see by; the harsh bulb above was nothing to guide his writing hand.

The hour ticked over and his mind did as well, wandering between lines and recollections of the week past and the theatre cast celebrating together hard upon the strike.

The large arts center which had housed the production included a residential wing for visiting artists with kitchen and lounge overlooking a remote and wooded location, a hot tub, and numerous bedrooms bedecked in thoughtless IKEA. The night had ambled playfully and then crashed onward; a karaoke rig had been installed in the lounge to coax the cats of night while plates and glasses and bottles rollicked from the kitchen counter. Warm bodies mingled and drifted between quarters like bees to pollen. Some doors had been locked while others were open to angle into and join what merriment was to be had.

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those who played within it were to experience a little death from one production to the next, living as benefitting from these last moments of life when fear of regret fuelled nymphic action; so here it was playing out as expected.

The man made his way back to kitchen and found the girl pouring another glass of white wine with inebriated grace. He took her by the wrist and led her to a room and shut the door with foot because his hand now held the glass. And she laughed and fell upon the bed, crawling to a cross-legged position and looking at him with a clumsy smile as he placed the glass atop the windowsill. There were words at first but he could not remember these, somehow they moved both to touch, and then laugh, and he looked at her, trying to understand her amusing actions and own words. Their hands and then mouths touched; there were words in stops and starts. He cradled her in moments beneath his body where there was there the opportunity to smell, and to taste.

I'm going with you, she said. I'm almost sure.

Going with me? He laughed. Where.

To Cambodia. I'll come with you.

He had mentioned his trip only in passing one night after rehearsal; it was simply information, it was loose, unrefined, had no seduction in itself and yet she had somehow thought to join him in his leaving the country. Curious.

We've hardly ever spoken, you and I, he said. This is the most we've ever spoken, I don't even know you but I remember...

He lifted from their embrace and recollected with his own body the shape she had made in early days of rehearsal: a kneeling position of repose, watching the other actors play, somehow mildly sexual and delicate.

I remember you sat like this on the floor and I liked you, he said

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But I'm not going to fuck you, he said with some gallantry.

No shit no one is fucking me tonight, she said.

Her boyfriend had seen the final performance that night but had then left to deposit her parents and grandmother home, a good hour or more away and as good as out of town since not returning. He was a gorgeous boyfriend by her own words, intelligent and even a budding actor himself but she had come to the point of discussing the mediocrity of their relationship and of their sex life in the same conversation in which he had spoken of his plans to travel in southeast Asia. If it was as mediocre as to be blurted out in this context without a lick of alcohol, it was for her to choose and so she was, with him for now.

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